

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### "I WOULDNA GIE A COPPER PLACK."

I wouldna gie a copper plack  
For any man that turns his back  
On duty clear;  
I wouldna tak his word or note,  
I wouldna trust him for a groat,  
Nor lift an ear in any boat  
Which he might steer.

When things are just as things should be,  
And Fortune gie a man the plea,  
Where'er he be,  
It jena hard to understand  
How he may walk through house and land  
Wi' cleerly face and open hand,  
Continually;

But when i' spite o' wark and care,  
A man must lose and failure bear,  
He merits praise,  
Wha will not to misfortune bow,  
Wha cooks his bonnet on his brow  
And fights and fights, he kens na how,  
Through lang, hard days.

I wouldna gie an auld babbee  
For any man that I could see  
Wha is a bold  
The sweetness o' his mither's name,  
The kindness o' his brither's claim,  
The honor o' a woman's fame,  
For mair than gold.

Nor is it hard for him to do,  
Wha kens his friends are loal and true,  
Love sweet and strong,  
Whose hearth knows not from year to year  
The shadow of a doubt or fear,  
Or feels the fallow of a tear  
For any wrong;

But gie him praise, whose love is pain,  
Wha, wrong'd, forgives, and loves again,  
And though he grieves,  
Leta not the dear one from his care,  
But loves him mair, and mair, and mair,  
And bides his time wi' hope and prayer,  
And still believes.

Ay, gie him praise who doesna fear  
The up-hill fight from year to year,  
And wha grips fast  
Ain aise dear ones through good or ill,  
Wha, if they wander, loves them still;  
Some day of joy he'll get his fill;  
He'll win at last.

## STORY TELLER.

### A PAINTER'S VENGEANCE.

Thirty years ago, the Belgian painter, Antoine Wiertz, was astonishing the artistic world by the powerful but extravagant productions which are now exhibited at Brussels in the museum which bears his name.

Though his brush was generally occupied with classical subjects or weird allegorical designs, such as the "Contest Between Good and Evil," he occasionally consented to paint portraits. This was a favor, however, which he only accorded to those whose physiognomy happened to interest him. It may be added that his taste inclined rather to the grotesque and eccentric than the beautiful.

One day, he received a visit from a certain M. Van Spach, a notary, who had been seized with the desire to have his features perpetuated by the celebrated artist. Maitre Van Spach—a dry, wrinkled, keen-eyed old gentleman, with an expression of mingled shrewdness and self-importance—was one of the wealthiest men in Brussels, and as avaricious as he was rich; a characteristic which procured him the nickname of "Maitre Harpagon."

Wiertz was aware of his visitor's failing; nevertheless he acceded to his request without a murmur. The fact was he had been conquered at first sight by the scrivener's picturesque head. The head was a perfect treasure to an artist, with its bald cranium, wrinkled forehead, shaggy brows overhanging the small, piercing eyes, hooked nose and thin-lipped mouth, which shut like a trap. Wiertz was fascinated, and, while his visitor was pompously explaining his wishes, the artist had taken mental notes of every line and feature.

"How much will the portrait cost?" was the notary's cautious inquiry.

"My terms are 10,000 francs, monsieur," was the reply.

The lawyer started, stared incredulously, shrugged his shoulders and took up his hat. "In that case," he answered, dryly, "I have only to wish you good morning."

Alarmed at the prospect of losing his promising "subject," whom he had already in imagination transferred to the canvas, Wiertz hastened to add: "Those are my usual terms, but as your face interests me I am willing to make a reduction in your favor. Suppose we say 5,000?"

But M. Van Spach still objected, urging that such a sum was exorbitant for a "strip of painted canvas."

At length, after much bargaining and hesitation, he agreed to pay 3,000 francs for the portrait, "frame included," and this being settled, he rose to take his leave.

"When am I to give you the first sitting?" he inquired.

"There is no hurry," replied the artist, who had his own intentions regarding this portrait. "I am somewhat occupied at present, but will let

you know when I have a morning at liberty. Au revoir."

The moment his visitor had left the studio Wiertz seized palette and brushes, placed a fresh canvas on the easel and dashed in the outlines of the portrait from memory. He painted as if for a wager while the summer daylight lasted; and, thanks to his marvelous rapidity of execution, when evening came the picture was all but finished.

He had represented the old notary seated at a table strewn with paper and parchments, his full face turned toward the spectator. The head was brought out in masterly relief against a shadowed background, and painted in the artist's best style; bold, free and unconventional, showing no signs of its hurried execution. The likeness was striking in its fidelity and expression of the original, so that the canvas seemed instinct with life.

The following morning Wiertz gave the finishing touches to his work, put it in a frame and dispatched it to Van Spach, instructing the messenger to wait for an answer.

He rubbed his hands with pleasure as he pictured the old gentleman's delight and astonishment, and anticipated the sensation which this *tour de force* would create in artistic circles.

In due time the messenger returned with the picture in one hand and a note in the other. Wiertz hastily dismissed him, opened the letter and read as follows:

SIR:—I beg leave to return your extraordinary production, which I cannot suppose is intended for my portrait, as it bears no sort of resemblance to me.

In art, as in everything else, I like to have my money's worth for my money, and I do not choose to pay you the sum of 3,000 francs for one afternoon's work. As you do not consider me worth the trouble of painting seriously, I must decline any further transactions with you, and remain, sir,

Yours obediently,  
PETER VAN SPACH.

When the artist recovered from his astonishment at this remarkable epistle, he burst into a fit of laughter which made the studio ring.

"His money's worth—ha, ha, Maitre Harpagon has overreached himself for once. He could have sold it for ten times what it cost him, the benighted old Philistine."

He placed the rejected picture once more on the easel, and regarded it long and critically. He knew that art judges would pronounce it a *chef d'œuvre*. His amusement began to give place to irritation at the indignity to which his work had been subjected, and vague projects of vengeance rose before him as he paced the floor with bent head and knitted brow.

Suddenly he stopped short, his eyes sparkling with mischievous satisfaction at the idea which had suddenly occurred to him. He took up his palette and set to work upon the picture again, adroitly altering and retouching.

In an incredibly short space of time it underwent a startling metamorphosis. While carefully preserving the likeness, he altered the face by exaggerating the characteristics, giving a cunning leer to the deep-set eyes, a grimace curve to the thin lips and a scowl to the heavy brows. A stubby beard appeared on the chin, and the attitude became drooping and decrepit.

Then the notary's accessories vanished, the background becoming the wall of a cell, with a barred window, while the table, with its litter of papers and parchments, was transformed into a rough bench, beneath which might be discerned a pitcher and a loaf.

When this was achieved to his satisfaction, the artist signed his work and gummed on the frame a conspicuous label, with the inscription, "Imprisoned for Debt."

Then he sent for a fiacre and drove to Melchoir's, the well-known picture dealer, in the Rue de la Mandelaine, whose window offers such a constant attraction to the lovers of art.

"I have something to show you," began Wiertz, "I have just finished this study, which I think is fairly successful. Can you find room for it in your window?"

"Find room for it? I should think so," exclaimed the dealer enthusiastically. "My dear fellow, it is first rate. I have seen nothing of yours more striking and original—and that is saying much. What price do you put upon it?"

"I have not yet decided," replied the painter. "Give it a good place in the window, and if a purchaser presents itself let me know."

The picture was immediately installed in the place of honor, and soon attracted a curious group. All day Melchoir's window was surrounded, and next morning the papers

noticed the wonderful picture and sent fresh crowds to gaze at it.

Among the rest was a friend of Maitre Van Spach, who could hardly believe his eyes on recognizing the worthy notary in this "questionable shape." He hastened at once to inform him of the liberty which had been taken with his person, and not long afterward the old lawyer burst into the shop, startling the proprietor, who at once recognized the original of the famous picture.

"M. Melchoir," began the intruder, "I have been made the victim of a shameful practical joke by one of your clients. It is my portrait, sir, that hangs in your window; it is I, sir—I, Maitre Van Spach—who am held up to ridicule in that infamous daub—pilloried for all the world to see as an imprisoned bankrupt. If the thing is not at once removed I shall apply to the police."

At this threat the picture dealer merely smiled. "I must refer you to the artist," he returned, coolly. "The picture belongs to him, and I can not remove it without his permission."

To Wiertz's house went Maitre van Spach, in a white heat of rage and indignation. On entering the studio he found the painter lounging in an arm chair, smoking his afternoon cigar.

"Ah, it is you, Maitre?" was his bland greeting. "To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for this visit? Pray take a seat. Do you smoke? You will find those cigars excellent."

"Monsieur," interrupted the notary, cutting short these courtesies with scant ceremony, "let us come to the point. There is at this moment in Melchoir's window a caricature which makes me the laughing stock of the town. I insist on its being taken out at once—at once, do you understand?"

"Not quite," replied the other, imperturbably. "It is true there is a picture of mine at Melchoir's, but I really don't see how it makes you ridiculous."

"You don't see? But the picture is my portrait, sir—my portrait," cried his visitor, rapping his cane upon the floor.

"Your portrait?" echoed the other, with a look of surprise.

"Of course it is, as any one can see at a glance. You—"

"But excuse me, the painter interrupted, "you said yesterday that it did not resemble you in the least. See—here is your letter to that effect."

Van Spach colored and bit his lips. He felt that he was caught.

"Such being the case," continued Wiertz, "and the work being returned on my hands, I have a perfect right to dispose of it to the best advantage."

The notary took a turn across the room to regain his composure.

"Come," he said at length, forcing a smile, "let us try to arrange this ridiculous affair amicably. I will give you 3,000 francs at once, and take the horrible thing out of the window."

"Stay a moment," interrupted his companion, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar, and carelessly changed his position. "You must be aware that the picture in its present shape is ten times more valuable than a mere portrait. It is not a work of imagination and invention, and I may own that I consider it one of my most successful canvases. I could not think of parting with it for less than 15,000 francs."

The notary gasped. "Fifteen thousand francs! You are joking!"

"Not at all. That is my price; you may take it or leave it."

There was a moment's pause; then the visitor turned on his heel.

"I leave it, then. Go to the deuce with your picture!" he retorted, as he left the room, banging the door behind him.

He had not gone many yards from the house, however, when he stopped short and reflected. So long as that ill-omened canvas remained on view in Melchoir's window he would not know a moment's peace. The story would be sure to get wind, and even his friends would join in the laugh against him. He would hardly dare to show his face abroad. At any sacrifice the scandal must be stopped. But—fifteen thousand francs! He fairly groaned as he reluctantly retraced his steps toward the house.

"Monsieur Wiertz," he began, in a conciliatory tone, "I have reconsidered the matter and—I agree to your terms. I will take your picture for the sum you named."

Wiertz threw away his cigar and rose.

"Monsieur, you are very kind. But it happens that I too, have been considering, and a brilliant idea has occurred to me."

The notary shuddered. He dreaded Wiertz's "ideas," and he had a presentiment that some fresh disaster was in store for him.

"What is it?" he asked nervously. As his picture seems to have made a sensation, I think I shall advertise it to be raffled for at 5 francs a ticket, and that all the town may have a chance of seeing it. I shall hire a commissionaire to carry it through the streets for a day or two. Not a bad notion—eh?"

Maitre Van Spach was speechless with consternation. "You—you would not do that?" he stammered.

"Why not? I am confident the plan would succeed—so confident that I wouldn't give it up for less than 30,000 francs—money down."

The unfortunate notary burst into a cold perspiration, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. To see himself trotted round Brussels on a porter's back, labeled, "Imprisoned for Debt." It was like a horrible nightmare.

"Here," he exclaimed, desperately taking out his pocket book—"here is a check for the amount. For heaven's sake let me have the picture, and I will say no more about it."

Half an hour afterwards the detestable canvass was in his possession; but it was not until he had cut it out of the frame and burnt it to ashes that he felt himself safe from some fresh manifestation of the painter's vengeance.

Meanwhile Wiertz cashed the check, and after deducting the sum of 10,000 francs—the price he first demanded—forwarded the rest to the charitable fund of the town in the name of Maitre Van Spach.—*The Argosy.*

## How Edison started.

"Edison used to work the other end of a circuit with me," says a telegraph operator interviewed in the *Vicksburg Herald*, "and I knew him when he was in Memphis some thirteen or fourteen years ago. He always looked ratty, and never spent his money on clothes, but the reason was that he was always tinkering with some new contrivance or other, and spent his money in paying for material to work out his inventions. He used to take press in Memphis. He was as fast as they make 'em, and his copy never gave a telegraph editor a bit of trouble. He had a way while waiting for copy of drawing caricatures, illustrating the character of news he was getting, and putting them along in the spaces of the copy he sent into the press. This made one of the papers up there, I forget which, red hot, and it opened on him, and had a good deal to do with his being fired by the manager. Edison didn't want the fool editor to print his funny pictures in his telegraphic news. He only drew them for his own amusement. When he went to Boston with his yellow linen breeches on in the middle of winter, the manager of the office, finding he was an expert, hired him to keep the repeaters in order. Edison worked at the instruments a part of two days, and then was caught by the manager of the office fooling with some new contrivance of his own. 'Thought I hired you to keep those repeaters in order,' said the manager. 'Yes, did,' said Edison, 'but I've put a kink or two into them that will make them keep themselves in order.' From that day his fortune was made."

## Woman's Sunny Temper.

What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity! Such a woman, in the darkest hour, brightens the house like a piece of sunny weather. The magnetism of her smiles, the electrical brightness of her looks and movements affects every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved, her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people worry and annoy him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So, day by day she literally renews his strength and energy; and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.—*Selected.*

## The Maid of the Mist.

A short sketch of the memorable trip of the Maid of the Mist, on which were the only persons who ever went thro' the whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls, and the whirlpool itself and came out alive, will be of interest. The boat which made the trip was built in 1854. For a while she took passengers from both the American and Canadian shores, and ran up very close to the foot of the falls. Owing to some change in her appointments, which confined her to the Canadian shore for the reception of passengers, she became unprofitable. Her owner, wishing to leave the place, determined to sell her, and he received an offer of little more than half her cost if he would deliver her at Niagara, opposite the fort. This he decided to do after consulting with Joel R. Robinson, who acted as captain and pilot on her trips under the falls. Mr. Robinson consented to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones, agreed to go with him. A machinist, Mr. McIntyre, volunteered to share the risk with them. The boat was put in complete trim, all superfluous articles being removed from the deck and hold. Notice was given of the time of starting, and a large crowd assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expected to see either boat or crew again after they should leave the dock, which was just above the railway suspension bridge.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of June 15th, 1861, the engineer took his place in the hold, and knowing that their flitting trip would be short at the longest, set his steam valve at the proper gauge and waited the tinkling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. Robinson took his place at the wheel and gave the starting signal. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from her escape-pipe, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, cleared the smooth water, and shot like an arrow into the rapids under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapids, and when a third of the way down it a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, keeled her over, carried away her smoke-stack, started her overhang on that side, threw Robinson on his back, and threw McIntyre against her starboard wheel-house with such force as to break it through. Every looker-on breathed freer as she emerged, shook her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool, and, for a moment, rode again on an ever kneel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large pot of the pool, then turned her directly thro' the neck of it. Thence, after receiving another drenching from the waves, she dashed on without further accident, to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston. The boat was seventy-two feet long, with seventeen feet breadth of beam, eight feet depth of hold, and carried an engine of 100 horse power.—*Buffalo Express.*

## A Newspaper Reader.

A countryman, who read the papers, surprised the young men in New York City who undertook to play the "confidence game" upon him. The *New York Times* thus tells the story:

A thrifty-looking countryman, probably sixty years of age, bent on seeing all that was on view in the shop windows and the streets, attracted a large crowd when he reached Murray Street and Broadway, New York, Wednesday morning.

A young man dressed in the height of fashion and wearing a tall silk hat, walked up to the countryman, and putting out his hand in a friendly manner, said:

"How do, Mr. Davis; glad to see you. How's the folks at home?"

The countryman looked over the young man carefully, and being satisfied that he could take care of himself, made a movement as if he was about grasping the young man's hand, but instead of so doing he took him by the coat-collar, faced him about so that he looked upon the City Hall Park, held him firmly in position, and gave him a kick that sent him sprawling into the street.

Another young man, evidently a friend of the assaulted youth, rushed up and demanded to know the trouble. The countryman had become warmed up by this time, and endeavored to inflict punishment on number two, but he escaped.

The countryman then quietly walked away, muttering to himself: "I haint been reading the papers nigh unto forty years for nothing."

## A Smart Sentinel.

One of Napoleon's sentinels met with a remarkable adventure, and though he did not exactly "stand and wait," he secured through his quick wit the advantage due to such a service. He had been posted on a retired spot on the Isle of Rugen, which was occupied by a detachment from Davoust's corps. Some alarm caused the troops to embark with precipitation, and they forgot this sentinel, who himself was so absorbed in a newspaper containing a report of Napoleon's recent victory as not to observe their departure.

After pacing his post for several hours, without being relieved, he became impatient and returned to the guard-room. He found it empty, and learned that his comrades had left the island.

"Alas!" he cried, in despair, "I shall be looked upon as a deserter—dishonored, lost—unhappy wretch that I am!"

A baker, pitying the poor fellow, took him to his house, consoled him, taught him to make bread, and after several months had shown that he was smart and industrious, gave him his daughter, Justine, in marriage.

Five years afterward a strange sail was seen approaching the island, the inhabitants flocking to the beach, discovered on the deck of the ship a number of soldiers wearing the uniform of the French army.

"I'm done for, now," cried the dismayed husband of Justine. "My bread is baked."

An original idea revived his courage. He ran to the house, slipped into his uniform, seized his firelock, returned to the beach, and posted himself as a sentinel at the moment the French were landing.

"Who goes there?" he shouted in a voice like thunder.

"Who goes there? yourself," replied one in a boat. "Who are you?"

"A sentinel."

"How long have you been on guard?"

"Five years."

Davoust, for he it was, laughed at the quaint reply, and gave a discharge in due form to his involuntary deserter.

## How He Got His Napkin.

A large, stout, ruddy-faced man entered a restaurant on Broadway, near Reade street, yesterday afternoon, and took a seat opposite the cashier's desk. After he had been served, he noticed that no napkin had been given him. Turning around, he saw a colored waiter leaning against a pillar in the center of the room.

"Have you a district telegraph signal, here?" asked the customer of the cashier.

"Yes, sir."

"Please ring it."

The cashier turned to the crank, and the messenger boy arrived in a minute and was told who wanted him.

"See, that waiter leaning against the post down there?" said the man to the boy.

"Yes, sir."

"Go to him and ask him for a napkin for me."

The boy did as he was told. The colored waiter's eyeballs rolled up as big as saucers. He eyed the boy, and finally ejaculated:

"Go 'bout yer business, chile—go long, I say. You chillen tote too much sass 'long wid dem ere uniforms."

However, the customer finally got his napkin.—*New York World.*

## Utilizing Old Tin Cans.

Wagons can be seen on the street almost every day, filled with old tin cans of every description, picked from vacant lots or the streets. They are taken to Newark and sold for fifteen cents a hundred. The price is small, but cans are numerous, and the gathering of them pays handsomely. The Newark purchaser sorts them out, and puts them into a large furnace, which softens them so that they can be rolled by machinery into plates. These plates are artistically blackened, and present a smooth, polished surface. The trunkmakers buy them to bind the edges and bottoms of trunks, and often to cover up defects of woodwork.

In this manner old tomato-cans become most useful as well as ornamental. The process of heating the cans has also its profitable results, for the solder, running through a grate into a receptacle, is sold for twelve cents a pound, it alone paying, it is claimed, all the price originally paid for the cans.

## For the Little Ones.

Great big dog,  
Head upon his toes;  
Tiny little bee  
Settles on his nose.

Great big dog  
Thinks it is a fly.  
Never says a word,  
Winks mighty sly.

Tiny little bee  
Tinkles dog's nose—  
Thinks like as not  
'Tis a blooming rose.

Dog smiles a smile,  
Winks his other eye,  
Chuckles to himself  
How he'll catch a fly.

Then he makes a snap,  
Mighty quick and spry,  
Gets the little bug,  
But doesn't catch the fly.

Tiny little bee,  
Alive and looking well,  
Great big dog,  
Mostly gone to swell.

## UMBRELLAS.

The earliest English umbrellas were made of oiled silk, and were very clumsy and difficult to open when wet, while the stick and furniture were heavy and inconvenient. Umbrellas first came into general use about 1775. It was first considered a mark of great effeminacy to carry one. The transition to the present portable form is due partly to the substitution of silk and gingham for the heavy and troublesome oiled silk, which admitted of the ribs and frames being made much lighter, and also to many ingenious mechanical improvements in the frame-work, chiefly by French and English manufacturers. Specimens of umbrellas made in 1645 weighed three pounds eight and one-half ounces, and the ribs were thirty-one and a quarter inches long. The ribs were formerly of whalebone, were cumbersome, and had but little elasticity. The introduction of steel in place of whalebone was the most important improvement made. The tips are now made in one piece with the ribs, instead of being made of bone, japanned metal, and other materials, and fashioned out. With but few exceptions, the inventors have not realized the cost of the patents. Great opposition was encountered from the trade and public to steel ribs. For a long time umbrellas were only covered with two materials—silk and cotton. Several materials were tried without success until a fabric called alpaca, made of the wool of the Chilean and Peruvian sheep, was manufactured. The ribs are usually eight in number, although six, seven, nine, twelve and sixteen are frequently made. Sticks for umbrellas are made from planks sawed into strips and turned and bent or carved. Maple is largely used for this purpose. The better class are made of roots, such as bamboo, pimento, dogwood, myrtle or orange. The handles are made of wood, ivory, bone, horn, tortoise shell, etc. Umbrellas were introduced into the United States in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The manufacture began about the year 1800, and is mostly confined to New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The manufacture of silk for umbrellas is a special branch of manufacture in Lyons, France.

## Two-Minute Sermon to Young Ladies.

Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks; pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar—why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes bloom to your cheek, elasticity to your steps, and vigor to your frame? Take exercise; run up the hill on a wager, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty go home with an appetite acquired by healthy employment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rosy cheeked, bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But you pining, screwed-up wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberality of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strings and breathe the pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.—*Pennsylvania Record.*



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## HOME AGAIN.

We have had a rather exciting and busy "rest" during the past few weeks, but have once more settled down to the gay and easy life of a newspaper editor. We are loitering in the same velvet-cushioned chair that has so often brought us sweet repose, and gaze with renewed interest and hopeful anticipations at the frescoed walls and walnut furniture that adorn our sanctum. The yawning wastebasket—the amateur poet's guide, philosopher and friend—is in its accustomed place at our elbow yearning for the literary sustenance that it has been denied for weeks, the rusted scissors and festive pastepot are again ready for use, and thus surrounded and equipped we are going to push ahead with all the vigor and energy that our time-burdened vitality will permit.

It is hardly necessary to remark that our trip across the sea was of much interest and great profit. A letter which we wrote and which was printed in the JOURNAL—and we hope read by at least a few of our subscribers—will amply prove that our time was well and economically spent. London is a great, a marvelously great place. Paris is a wonderful and brilliant city. But New York is to us far more dear than either, and we are glad to be once more beneath the stars and stripes and within the shelter of the eagle's wings. We can truly feel as Goldsmith's "Traveller" felt, and say with him:

"Where'er I go, whatever realms I see,  
My heart, O sweet Columbia, turns to thee."

Yes, among all the magnificence and tumult of busy London, in the full blaze of all the glittering seductiveness of Paris, our heart and thoughts were far away across the Atlantic, dwelling on our happy land, America, the free. As soon as opportunity offers, we shall give a short sketch of our visit from the date at which we wrote from London, but at present our hands are full of work which has been accumulating since we went away. We hope for a continuance of the kind indulgence and the gentle criticism which has always been extended to us heretofore, and promise that the same enterprise in collecting and publishing the latest news, the same honesty of purpose, the same deep regard for the welfare of deaf-mutes as has been observed in the past, will continue to be the preeminent and distinguishing features of this paper.

## The Convention.

WHEN the next issue of the JOURNAL appears, the Convention will be under full headway. Being absent, we have been unable to keep up with the happenings having connection with this coming great gathering. But we must confess that on reaching home we were somewhat bewildered at the remarkable discriminating sagacity displayed by Chairman Booth in appointing a local committee. Two places are filled, or should we say occupied, while the third is still a begging. It is said that added years bring added wisdom, but we have never confounded wisdom with trickery and cunning. Mr. Booth is an old man, but up to tricks that would do credit, or discredit, to a political heeler. Those who have been "done" by the old man will understand what the above means. If he should be present next week, he would again be elected chairman of a committee—over the left. But no action of Mr. Booth's can make or mar the success of the Convention. Its importance and results depend upon the deaf-mutes who will attend, and we hope it will be productive of profit and pleasure, and that nothing but harmony will prevail.

# ITEMIZER.

## FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

## News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

It is said that Charles Graham is going around begging in Detroit.

Miss Gussie Bondberg will go to Ocean Grove the fore part of next week.

A Mr. Levi, of Dubuque, Ia., is in New York City, and will remain until after the Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman, of Providence, R. I., are visiting C. W. Mowry and family and Mrs. Follette.

The father of George Hudson, of Fitchburg, Mass., died on August 10th. He was sixty-five years of age.

The story goes that Mr. A. W. Thayer and Miss Cora Bell, of Detroit, will be wedded. Best wishes go with them.

Miss Brown, matron of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has been visiting S. A. Hopkins at St. Clair, Mich.

Thomas Leach, a graduate of the Michigan Institute has been staying with friends and relatives in St. Clair, Mich.

Mr. Eddie B. Carroll, of Ohio, has left Mrs. Follette, and is now visiting his Boston friends. He is a fine, intelligent young man. He will be present at the Convention.

Mrs. Follette looks with much pleasure to coming to New York, and hopes she will enjoy it immensely. She is a lovely woman, and a warm friend of the deaf-mutes.

A Boston note would like to attend both the Convention and the picnic of the Catholic Literary Association, so he suggests that the excursion return from Glen Island early in the afternoon.

Wm. F. Coghlan, of Fitchburg, Mass., went to the Grand Scullers' Regatta, at Wachuset Lake, Sterling, Mass., on Friday, August 17th, with 12,000 persons. Wachuset Lake is very nice, and is one of the largest in Worcester, County.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Mitchell, and C. Dodd, of Brockville, Canada, went to Ogdensburg, N. Y., to visit Dodd's friend, F. Cogan, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., on the Fourth of July. But they could not find Cogan at Ogdensburg.

Mr. George A. Holmes, the head of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society is enjoying his vacation at Bay View, Gloucester, Mass. Then Mr. Holmes expects to go to the National Convention of Deaf-Mutes in New York City, and will be happy to meet his friends again where he met them at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. Follette, of Rhode Island, has at present six boarders—a wealthy lawyer of Providence and his family. Mrs. Follette had good success in giving the young ladies lessons in oil-painting, and they have made good progress. They have painted since July landscapes, birds, flowers, etc. She has five pupils under her instruction.

Miss Lockwood, of Stamford, Conn., writes:—"City Island, N. Y., 20th—I see in last week's JOURNAL that I was going to remain a while with Mr. Roberts, of New York City in two days. I beg to say that I have had no idea of doing so, but expect to make a call on her when I take a run up to the coming Convention, where I may spend the evenings. I am enjoying up here myself just so much, and the sea-breeze has done me much good since I left home several weeks ago."

August Rathke, is living with A. J. Baden, of Barnett, Ill. He is a native of Germany, and was educated at Falkenberg. He came to this country when he was nineteen years old, and lived in Texas eleven years. The first mute whom he saw talking with his fingers was Robert Glavin, of Carlinville, Ill. He was at the Second Session at Jacksonville, last September, and as he had never seen the Institution he greatly enjoyed his visit.

Miss Carroll, of Watertown, Mass., enjoyed herself very much visiting Mrs. Follette. Mrs. F. took her to Woonsocket Hill, which is the highest hill in Rhode Island, and from the top, they had a beautiful view of the country below. It was so beautiful that Miss Carroll declared she could forever sit there and gaze at it. They had a long ride through the country just before she started for home. Miss Carroll is a charming young lady, very much liked by all.

## A Mute Deaf-Mute.

"Yes, sir," said the barber, as he lathered the customer's face, "if you would use our Sulphur-die Scalp Solution those annoying scales that fall like snow on your coat collar would disappear. It is only \$1 a bottle, and warranted to promote the growth of the hair, give it a glossy appearance and cleanse and purify the scalp and prevent the formation of dandruff. You must not confound it, sir, with any other article and think it will fall because of other articles fall. Those cheap hair washes found in barber shops generally are, I know, worthless. They are simply made to cure. We manufacture it ourselves, and the chemicals used in its composition are so rare and costly that we lose money even at \$1 a bottle. But we are bound to introduce it, sir, and give our customers the benefit of it."

The customer smiled blandly, but said nothing. "Then there's our Compound Extract of Bicarbonate of Soda—the most delicate, the most delicious, the most deserving preparation ever offered to the public. It is a specific for principles and all eruptions of the face and neck, and is soothing in cases of inflammation of the—of the—"

And he went on talking until the customer was ready to leave the chair.

"Will you take a bottle of the solution, sir, or the extract?"

The customer took a card from his pocket, and writing a few words on it, handed it to the barber.

"I haven't heard a human voice for sixteen years," were the words the barber read. "I'm deaf. If you have anything particular to say, write it down."

The barber rammed his head against the wall, dashed around the floor and then swallowed a dose of the solution with the expectation of dying.

Unfortunately, the stuff was harmless, and he still lives.—*New York World*.

Lars M. Larson is again in Chicago.

Miss Annie H. Elliott, of Washington, D. C., is now in Berryville, Va.

Miss Mary Fullam is at North Argyle, N. Y. She has visited Whitehall.

Mrs. A. E. Runk expects to go to Maryland on a visit to her parents next month.

Mr. Leonard Bartlett, of East Killingly, Ct., has not been heard of for a long time.

Mr. W. A. Nelson, who has been in Sharon Centre, Ia., for some time, is in Iowa City.

Mrs. W. E. Dean is again on Minnesota soil, after over a month's sojourn in New Jersey.

James Blair, Esq., a Director of the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, is Mrs. Annie E. Runk's father.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight, of Worcester, had a brief visit from Miss Ida Bassett, of Vermont, recently.

Samuel A. Lewis, a graduate of Hartford, died in Anamosa, Iowa, August 14th, aged sixty-six. It was a case of heart disease running through three years.

Miss Kate Miller, of Thompsonville, Ct., spent almost a week with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cutter, of Worcester, Mass., lately. They enjoyed her visit very much.

Mr. John A. Dunlap left Fort Plain last Monday for Albany, to stay there one day, and is now at Fort Edward, N. Y. He likes it better than at Rural Grove.

Miss Mary Bosworth, of Eastford, Conn., attended a grand celebration at Roseland Park (about seven miles), which is one of the finest parks in the New England States, recently.

Will Mr. James F. O'Neill please give his address, through the JOURNAL, to a lady, one of his old classmates in Miss Meigs's class, whom he called for at her sister's, at 433 West 27th, some time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Homer, of Boston, intend to start for New York on August 26th, at noon, and remain four days at the Convention. They may stop at Hartford for a few hours on their return home.

The Rev. Job Turner's sons Charles and Loring have been elected teachers in the Texas Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Austin, the former using the articulation system and the latter the combined one.

Mr. Edwin F. Bass, hearing-brother-in-law of Miss M. E. Bosworth, won first money in a large race at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, last May, and also some other places in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York.

Mr. George H. Witschick, of Hamburg, N. J., who has been visiting his brother Peter, at Port Jervis, N. Y., and spending a week and enjoying riding around the village and out of town has gone to Goshen to see his old friends.

The New York and New England R. R. Co. has offered to take mutes too and from the Convention for \$5.68, provided they go together in a party of twenty or more, and return together, otherwise the fare will be \$4.35 each way. The depot is at the foot of Summer Street, Boston.

Miss Mary L. Bosworth's only beloved sister, Mrs. E. Bass, of Palmer, has just returned from Coney Island, where she has spent two weeks with her husband. She will now remain with her father's family in Eastford, Ct., until September when she will return to her home. Mrs. Bass thought Brighton Beach one of the most beautiful places in the country that she ever saw. She made many pleasant acquaintances during her visit.

Prof. J. B. Hotchkiss, of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., and J. G. Saxton, of Troy, N. Y., came up over the northern peaks Friday, stopping at the Summit House Friday night. At Spaulding's Springs, the fog came down upon them and made the walk rather uncomfortable, though they feel somewhat repaid by the effect produced by glimpses through the fog here and there; one was just large enough to reveal to them for a few moments the Glen house bathed in warm and radiant sunshine. They were surprised once as the fog lifted a little to find themselves on the verge of the Gulf on the side of Jefferson and took of their bearings anew. They report a party of Appalachian re-measuring and re-marking the path up Mount Adams. They propose to go down by the Crawford path. These gentlemen are perhaps the only deaf-mutes who have ascended the northern peaks. They have had some experience in such walking in the North Carolina Mountains, and this is the second time Prof. Hotchkiss has ascended this route. Mr. Saxton is sketching mountains he visits, and has among his pictures one of the Rock Castle on Jefferson, done while the fog was coming down.—*Among the Clouds, Mount Washington, N. H., Aug. 18.*

## Lip Reading.

The success which has met the training of the deaf to read speech by the motion of the lips, is shown by the case of Mrs. Bell, wife of Prof. Graham Bell, the electrician, who was one of the deaf pupils of Dr. Gallaudet in Washington. Prof. Bell first met her at a reception at the college, and so expert was she in reading speech by the motion of the lips, that they conversed together for some time without his discovering her infirmity.

At last, walking through the conservatory, where some of the Chinese lanterns had gone out, he made some remark requiring an answer. But none was forthcoming, it being not light enough for her to see the movements of his lips.

He repeated the remark, and again got only silence for reply.

Myself, he soon escorted her back to the parlor, and then, in the brilliant light, asked her why she had not answered him; but his amazement was redoubled tenfold at her reply:—"I have never heard a sound in all my life."

*Yonah's Companion.*

## PISTOLS BY TWO.

(Cairo, Ill., Gazette, August 11.)

Some two months ago, a certain colored gentleman accepted a position as compositor in the Cairo Bulletin news room under a deaf-mute by the name of Cornelius Boyle as foreman and Ed. H. Shieleck, as editor. A few weeks ago those two high-toned gentlemen concluded that they didn't want a negro in the office, so they conspired to have him removed in a most inhuman manner. The said editor and foreman was to do the work of three men. So they petitioned the proprietor to remove the negro at once, but he being much of a gentleman, decided to give the colored gentlemen three weeks' time in which to look up another situation. This action on the part of the proprietor raised their wrath. So they raised a rumpus with the gentleman on last Thursday night, drawing their pistols, threatening to shoot him down as though he was a dog if he opened his mouth. This is the editor's exact language. These gentlemen keep their pistols ready at all times to shoot a "nigger" as they say.

*Non-Pistol Carrier.*

Agnes Craig and Daisy Hollister expect to go to Long Branch on Sunday next.

William Ennis would like to have Mr. E. E. Smith attend the Convention.

Herman Zorn, of New York City, expects to go to Philadelphia soon.

Rev. Job Turner held services in Christ Church, Loudon, Va., on Sunday, August 19th.

Daniel Runk met Dundon the ball player at the Harrisburg depot one day last week.

Will the New England Base Ball Club play against the Peet Base Ball Club during the Convention?

Mr. Dillon W. Ellis was in Sandusky, O., last week on the still hunt for a job at the art preservative.

John Grimm, of Detroit, is visiting relatives and friends in New York State, and will probably attend the National Convention.

Wm. H. Torbush, of Mattoawan, N. Y., will attend the Convention next week, and will probably go to Ocean Grove afterwards.

Mrs. A. B. Davis is spending the summer in company with her sister and children from Cincinnati, at Lake Side, the famous camp meeting resort of Ohio.

Miss Mary Fullam, of the Rome School, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bristol at North Argyle, enjoying a splendid time. She will soon go to New York.

Messrs. St. John, of Buffalo, and G. I. Fisher, of Dunkirk, deaf-mutes, were in town yesterday, and made our sanctum a pleasant call. They return to New York next week.—*Townsville, N. Y., Herald, August 16.*

Edward Gurrey, a pupil of the Flint Institution, was run over and mangled to death by the cars, while walking toward the village, where he intended to enjoy the Fourth of July sights. He was about twenty years old, and was a good and studious scholar. He will be sadly missed at school this fall.

The little canoes that brought Messrs. McGregor and Patterson of the Ohio Institution corps of teachers, to New York are two of the daintiest boats that man's deft fingers ever gave shape to. They are each about fourteen feet in length, one being of carved build, the other of veneer, and are christened respectively "Rambler" and "Idler."

The former is a most speedy and seaworthy craft, and has carried its owner, the now President of the National Convention, upwards of two thousand miles on his annual cruises. The latter boat is "litter'n' air" and slips over the water like a collapsed balloon, affording the occupant blissful ease in paddling, but was betwixt the unlucky lubber that attempts to befondle "Idler."

## Deaf and Dumb People in Court.

Jacob Kruck, a shoemaker, told Justice Gardiner in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday that Winderlin Weller, another shoemaker, living at No. 7 Christopher Street, had discharged a revolver at him. Winderlin is deaf and dumb and has no way of making himself understood except by his actions. T. F. Driscoll, of the Institution for the Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, appeared as interpreter. Driscoll can talk but cannot hear. He is an adept in lip-reading and readily understood what was said. Weller was held in \$1,000 bail for trial.

## The Murdered Ada Bayard.

HALIFAX, August 11.—Information from Guyboro' to night, stated that there is as yet no clue to the real murderer of Ada Bayard, the deaf, dumb and blind colored girl, who was beaten to death in a most brutal manner at her home near that town several days ago, the little girl whom one of the witnesses at the inquest testified had committed the deed not being believed guilty. It appears that the unfortunate young woman was a cripple, in addition to her other infirmities, and it is asserted that her father, during last May, left her at one time, shut up alone for three days and without requisite attendance. A doctor who examined the remains of the deceased, said he thought death was caused by the wounds inflicted on her skull by some blunt instrument, and was of opinion that the weapon could not have been in the hands of a five year old girl. Elizabeth Mansfield, a colored girl, seven years of age, daughter of Bayard's second wife, swore that she was murdered by the girl's little sister. She stated that she witnessed the deed being committed through a window of the house, the deceased and her murderer being alone, and climbing through she took the axe away from the child. When her father returned several hours later, she told him this story, and the latter chastised his daughter. The jury returned a verdict that deceased met her death at the hands of some person or persons unknown.—*Montreal Daily Witness, Aug. 13.*

## From Watkins, N. Y.

The mutes enjoyed the regatta in Watkins, on Wednesday, 15th inst. The Watkins Regatta brought together the largest crowd that has ever gathered at one time on the picturesque shores of the placid Seneca. They were much disappointed, because they did not witness the contest between Courtney and Hanlan.

On Tuesday evening, Messrs. Taber, of Scipio, and L. Deshong, of Union Spring, and E. Tuttle, of Geneva, pleasantly surprised Joel E. Andrews and John Dougherty. They were cheerfully greeted, and we all were glad to see them. F. King, of Elmira, happened to be in Watkins, and seemed to be enjoying his visit.

Messrs. Taber, Deshong and King, took the steambot for Geneva at 7 o'clock a.m. on Thursday.

F. Tuttle informed us that on Tuesday, he started in his sail-boat for Watkins, but it was upset near Long Point. He was rescued from being drowned by a man from Long Point in a skiff. He left his boat at Long Point and took the next steamer for Watkins in the evening.

On Thursday forenoon, Mrs. Ennice Tuttle called on Mrs. Joel E. Andrews and enjoyed her company until one o'clock, when she took the steamer for Geneva. She said that she came to Havana with Miss Bennett and has been visiting friends there.

Joel E. Andrews would like to know where Harrison E. Fitch is living. His former home was in Verona, Oneida County.

Maggie Barry is staying with her sister, Mrs. John Dougherty.

*JOEL.*

# ST. LOUIS.

## The Deaf-Mute Club's Picnic.

## WHO WERE THERE AND WHAT THEY DID.

## Church Services.

## MISCELLANEOUS SPARKS.

The morning of August 13th dawned upon the mutes in a very disheartening fashion. Indeed, a good many thought they could not go at all, but about eight o'clock the rain stopped, and the threatening clouds rolled by leaving "old sol" a chance to show his shining mug. The Committee was on the grounds bright and early, and had plenty of leisure time before most of the tardy mutes appeared. However, as 12 o'clock drew near, the park filled up rapidly with jolly boys and merry ladies, all bound to get as much out of the picnic as they could.

Before the day was over, there were fully 200 deaf-mutes on the grounds, but the number of hearing people left off from last year's gathering; however, as there were twice as many mutes present as last time, in a deaf-mute's point of view, the picnic was a big success. The small number of hearing people present seemed a little queer, when out of some five hundred tickets sold, more than half were taken by them. The committee, with one or two exceptions, worked hard and faithfully to please every one.

Messrs. W. G. Guss, Will Stafford, Will Campbell, J. T. Bowe and John Gill, especially deserve praise for all they did, as for a couple of others, the less we say about them the better the mutes in general will like it.

Several valuable prizes were offered for competition as follows: A pair of superb vases to the most graceful lady waltzer, was captured by Miss Delia Mitchell with comparative ease, though if several of the other girls had suitable partners, the result might have been different; in fact, this contest was started too early in the day, as a number of fine dancers who would have competed, came after it was over. There was a large number of entries for the sack race, which was too laughable to think of. Fred Mueller took the first heat from half a dozen of competitors after a few falls, and Alphus B. Read, of Jacksonville, secured the second heat without a single fall; the final heat between Mueller and Read was exciting—Mueller led from the start till within fifty feet from the finish, when Read, who was playing a waiting game caught up with him and was just passing him, when Mueller pushed him over and came in first; the Committee's duty was very plain to every one, that Mueller did not have a single chance against Read; however, the Committee decided they should try it over and Read won again, but immediately after fainting from exhaustion, and no wonder as the course was a good hundred yards and he went over it three times with only a few minutes rest.

But we would not go so far for ten miles as much. A dozen of boys were entered for the foot race, a distance of one hundred yards, and the prize a silver cup was "scooped" in by John Campbell after a fine contest, but it was a pity several of the fast ones would not run, as several of them could have come in ahead of the winner, and have settled the disputed question as to who is the fastest runner in this vicinity. The prize for the best croquet player, a silk fan, was secured by Mrs. Delia Guss, with her "worse half" as a partner, after a fine contest. There was the usual program of waltzes, etc., ground out by a number of musicians, and among the number of fine dancers, we noted Mrs. Tillie Campbell, Annie and Mary McCamely, Celia Heffernan, Marcella Broe, Mattie Campbell, Annie Thomas, Emma Schumm, Delia Mitchell, and several others that have eluded our treacherous memory. John Campbell was the only mute that did himself credit, but his brother Will could have done well if he had time. The mutes kept up the fun as long as daylight lasted, and even when it was dark we noted a number of couples in secluded nooks making love for all they were worth—but, of course, you know how it is yourself? Taking it all in all, the Deaf-Mute Club can congratulate itself on the success of their latest efforts, and it will encourage the boys to do still better next time.

## WHO WERE THERE.

W. E. Guss smiled all day long, partly because he was the presiding officer of the club, but the chief reason probably was his "better half" having captured one of the prizes.

Henry McCamely was never out of eye sight more than five seconds of a certain hearing young lady, and we smiled considerably to see how badly gone he was. He wore an enormous red rose in his button hole, but did not enter in the walking match for fear some one might walk away with his girl?

J. C. McQuown did not have any fair one under his protection, but for all that he was rigged out in spotless broad cloth, and the inevitable bouquet, and Jim seemed to be having enough fun to suit himself too. The chief reason he smiled so sweetly was

the load of greenbacks the club took in.

Harry Gross, in a tan colored suit, elevated collar, eye glasses, and enormous scows, thought himself the most important person on the grounds, and if his pantaloons were not so roomy we would acknowledge him the champion dude. Harry thinks he was the ladies' best man on the grounds, but we want to see the fair one who is "mashed" on him.

John Brown, our prize fat man, was as frisky as the baby elephant on account of his wife being out of town, and made every young man with a girl nearly crazy with his teasing.

Leo Froning, young "Jumbo," looked happy as a "big sun-flower," because his girl had come down from the country, expressly to attend the picnic, and never, no hardly ever, left her out of sight for five minutes at a stretch, unless it was to adjourn for refreshments, for which his capacity is unlimited.

Messrs. Milton Stout, Philip Jacoby and Harry Hussey, of the Illinois delegation, seemed to be "dead gone" on three of St. Louis fair ones, and they in turn seemed ditto. They are welcome to help themselves to the best girls they catch.

"Kerry Patch," notwithstanding our friendly advice, loaded himself to the muzzle with a miscellaneous assortment of schooners, forty rod Jersey lightning, cocktails, etc., so that he had to be carried from the field in a sadly demoralized condition. Too bad.

Fred Mueller took the copper headed man and a few other fresh young men what a howling terror he was at rowing, fighting, etc., but collapsed in double quick style when one little chap said he could knock him into the middle of next week. Fred investigated the contents of too many schooners and smoked too many "cabbage weeds," consequently he had a swelled head on the following morning. Reform Fred.

Ed. Beattie "bobbed up serenely" minus his infant burasides, and was a "little elevated" when he made a tremendous kick at the foot ball, the boys were playing with and sat down very suddenly smashing a "pop" bottle in his fall. Every one smiled except Edward, who gave vent to his outraged feelings (when he was away from the laughing crowd) in words not found in Webster's Unabridged.

Sammy Perlmutter was "too utterly utter" for anything, and paralyzed the natives with his magnificent togger. But Samuel was mad, "biling" mad, when he got left in the sack race, as he had been training under the directions of that wicked Joker, Hugh Lamb, for several weeks, and was solemnly assured he had a soft thing of it, but alas, Sam was left, and not a single wicked mute took pity on him, so he vows to lay some one out for that joke.

Will T. Campbell was one of the most popular young men on the grounds, but attended strictly to business; consequently, he had no time to spare for girls as he generally has.

John T. Bowe is a great big-hearted fellow, one of the kind it does our eyes good to see. John was up to his ears in business too, but found an occasional chance to tease some one. He is not a ladies man and takes precious little interest in them either.

John Wolf didn't do anything but keep a close look out to see that nobody got away with his own and only sweetheart.

Will Stafford claimed to be "heart whole and fancy free," but it is hinted that William has a fair one in Illinois, waiting anxiously for the time when he has enough shokels to get spiced. William attended to committee business and did it well.

Will Stocksick didn't do anything but hang on his "darling," and neglected all other business for that purpose. We don't know if we would not do the same.

Hugh P. Lamb was wherever there were any girls, and had a daisy watching him to keep him straight all the time, but managed to have fun all the same. When the boys asked him to play base ball, his excuse was, "She won't let me." There might have been a game between the Clippers and a picked nine but for his chronic laziness.

J. J. Gill circulated around freely, but his girl wasn't there, and that's why he looked as if he had been to a funeral. However, she will be in town ere long, so brace up, Johnny.

There were a large number of mutes from surrounding towns at the picnic, but the boys that hailed from Jacksonville were the jolliest of them all; they were Milton Stout, Philip Jacoby, La Forrest Manter, John Mills, David Scro, Alphus B. Read, Frank Timmons, Henry Hussey and William Hicks, John Cartright and sister from Litchfield, Victor Swanson, of Sycamore, and several others we can not recollect. The Missouri delegation included George and August Kinker, of Bridgeton, Eugene See, of New Florence, and Price O'Bannon, and Hugh Bush, of Farmington.

Among the many city mutes present were: E. J. McNamara, John Campbell, Edgar Hazzard, J. C. Cox, Richard Giblin, Ashbell Merrell, Joseph Schrauder, Martin Frenckack, J. J. Smith, Charles Hein, and others.

Our mention of the ladies will have to be very brief on account of the length of this letter.

Miss Josie Marrow, from Caledonia, attracted many of the boys by her brilliant conversational powers, but a certain young man stood off all attempts to talk with her.

Mrs. Tillie Campbell and Mrs. Mollie Hardin, were the handsomest married ladies present, but we won't risk our life by saying who was the prettiest or best dressed unmarried young lady.

Miss Mattie Campbell attracted a number of young gents with her pretty face and graceful signs.

Miss Annie and Mary McCamely were dressed up handsomely, and made an impression on several bachelors.

Miss Thomas is a smart young lady with whom every one likes to talk.

Miss Marcella Broe flirted outrageously.

Miss Sallie Fisher and Delia Mitchell had protectors of their own to the regret of a number.



## BALTIMORE.

### The Annual Picnic.

#### A GRAND SUCCESS.

The silent people of Maryland held their Fifth Annual Picnic in Druid Hill Park, on the 9th.

Grove No. 8, associated with the pleasant memories of three previous reunions was the rendezvous, and thither the mutes of Baltimore, together with those from the counties who were staying at the hotels or with friends, wended their way from all parts of the city.

Although the hour of gathering had been fixed at 10 A.M., a number of eager pleasure seekers were there long before that time, and determined to enjoy as much of the day as possible. And such a day it was! It seemed as if old Probs, repentant at having spoiled our picnic of last year, had set his heart on making amends, and favoring us with the best ideal of picnic weather. From morn till dewy eve, there was hardly a cloud to obscure the clear blue of the sky, and the sun shone bright and resplendent, as though determined to picnic with us. Then too, cool, refreshing breezes were continually sweeping through the grove, fanning flushed faces rosy with merry-making, while the thermometer propitious also confined the gymnastics of its mercury among the seventies, thus generally placing fans at a discount.

As the morning grew apace, the numbers in the grove gradually increased. Now and then we observed the arrival of a young couple—she coquettishly manipulating a parasol—she recklessly swinging a Liliputian lunch basket, and both vastly surprised that they were not the first at the grove. But we also noticed family parties, who, more provident for the wants of the inner man, lugged along substantial and weighty hampers whose contents was afterwards spread as free lunch for all comers. Among the ladies who thus dispensed their hospitality, were the Misses Barry, Perego, Arnold, Wells, and others, and their guests, who mostly came from a distance, did not fail to give flattering recognition of the culinary skill of their fair entertainers.

The morning was generally occupied in freshening up the pleasant memories of *aud laud syne*, and the time passed swiftly and pleasantly enough. By noon, at least seventy-five deaf-mutes and an equal number of hearing friends had gathered in the grove. There were quite a number of visitors present. Among them was a deputation of some ten or fifteen Philadelphians who proved quite a welcome addition to our party, and the ice once broken, both they and we soon forgot that they were strangers. Well, the way they joined us in our sports, filled us with genuine respect for Quaker City *esprit*, and made us long for a repetition of the visit in the future. Among them were Mrs. Roop, Mrs. Paulin, Mrs. Harrison, the Misses Annis, McKinney and Stevenson, and Messrs. Lee and Wilson.

Washington was represented by the Misses Ryan and Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Ballard, of the Columbia Institution, were also present.

The Rev. Job Turner also graced the picnic with his portly presence, having a smile and a cheerful word for every body, and delighting a host of friends. Travelling seems to agree with the good old gentleman, for he was as hale and hearty as ever, and in the games he held his own with the best of us.

It was after dinner that the real fun began. The arrival of deaf-mutes and friends who had been detained by business during the morning, swelled the numbers present to about two hundred. All sorts of games were indulged in, and the fun soon grew fast and furious. In a game of "dumb band," the Philadelphia mutes were pitted against the Baltimoreans, and it was amidst much laughter and amusement of both participants and spectators that Baltimore finally won, Willie McElory maintaining the "last word," and thus saving the game for the Orioles. "Fox and Geese," Copenhagen, and the other games usually in vogue on such occasions, received a fair share of attention. Several sets of croquet were also in constant use, and we noticed that there was a good deal of the customary wrangling and cheating without which the game, of course, loses all its spice. Bats and balls were also in frequent requisition among the boys, though no regular match game was played. Messrs. Maslin, Lee and Kauffmann carried off the honors. The last named distinguishing himself with a broken finger.

Amid such sports and enjoyments, the afternoon wore away, and it was not until the mists of evening came that the merry party finally broke up, and wended homeward, one and all declaring that the affair had been a grand success, and that in nearly every respect it eclipsed the reunions of previous years. May our future picnics be as joyous.

#### PICNIC CHIPS.

The Philosopher's Walk and Mountain Pass were much patronized by certain young couples.

Miss Annis took the cake at croquet playing.

G. W. Veditz, with a fair partner, of course, was caught mooning in Mountain Pass Glen.

Miss Barry seemed possessed of the faculty of being in two places at once. She was here, there and every where, and in leading off the games was just in her element.

John A. Trundle was there too, and was observed to be particularly attentive to a certain young lady who lives "way over the water in a Queen Anne cottage."

Mr. and Mrs. Barry were present at the picnic. Our thanks are due to them for their efforts to render the day a success.

Willie McElory and Eddie Wilson were the gayest of the gay. Eddie, in particular, was one vast substantial smile the livelong day, and moreover his jollity was contagious. Thanks to you, Eddie, and don't fail to come again, next time.

During the morning, a colored Sunday School, headed by a trim-looking auntie in spectacles, marched up to the grove and claimed possession, but armed with our permit from the Park authorities we held the fort, and (with many apologies) the intruders gave up the siege and pitched tents at Grove No. 9. It was merely a case of mistaken identity as to the groves.

Quite a number of mutes from the country were present. Among them were Messrs. Hays, Gallion, Palmer, Plozman, Lamb and Ayres, all of them well known and popular in the city.

The absence of Mr. Ely, the genial Principal of our Institution, was universally regretted. He intended coming, but was prevented by sickness in his family.

The visitors from the Quaker City remained in Baltimore over Friday, and with Miss Barry, as Cicerone, were shown the sights of the city. They left for home on Saturday morning, expressing themselves well pleased with the hospitality accorded them on their first visit to the Monumental City. We hope for their presence at our next picnic also, and beg them to come with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts—the more the merrier.

TOM JONES.

#### BUFFALO ITEMS.

There are about fifty mutes living in Buffalo.

Charles M. Smith, a former clerk of the New York Institution, reports doing well here.

Pat Gough, an employee of the Rochester Institution, was on a visit to his Buffalo friends last week.

The rumor, that Mr. Hils, a deaf-mute painter was killed by a car, is untrue. He is still alive.

John B. Herman, the head lather in one of the shoe factories here, is still doing well. He sports a "Dude" suit.

Mr. Coleman, formerly of Niagara Falls, but now of Lockport, N. Y., is engaged in making brooms, and gets good pay.

Mr. Ward, *nee* Miss Seaver, of Newark, N. S., is in town visiting her numerous relatives. She says she intends remaining here.

Clarence E. Webster, who is employed in the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Railroad Company's office, is a tracer. His charming young wife and baby are doing well. He seems to be proud of having a handsome baby.

The sister and sister's baby of Miss Lizzie Vollrath, a Buffalo semi-mute, died last July. She has the sympathy of her many friends in her affliction.

Messrs. Seebach and Wadel, pupils of the Rochester Institution, work on the *Commercial Advertiser* as "devils." The former will not return to school any more.

Miss Lydia Stumpf, the favorite belle of this city, is rustinating at Clarence, N. Y., the guest of Miss Annie Fisher. She will return home in two weeks or so.

Taylor Gelsinger, who works in a book bindery, contemplates going to New York City, where he will attend the Convention, and will also visit some other places.

Mr. Riffel, a graduate of the New York (50th Street) Institution, is living on a farm near the canal. He and his family will move out to Florida in the spring of '84.

Paul Girardin, well known as "old cobbler," has been tormented with sore lungs for four years past. The doctor told him to go into the country to recuperate, where he will stay till his health improves. Paul, be more careful of your health.

Mr. August Kowald, the well known cutter and pattern maker, will be unable to attend the Convention, and will soon spend a week with his sister-in-law in Cayuga, N. Y., as he promised.

The Tonawanda *Herald*, of July 5th, says: "Louis Reinboldt, from the New York Deaf and Dumb Institute, returned home last Friday, looking hale and hearty. He has finished his education there, and will now remain for some time to come." He works in the saw mill, and gets \$1.65 a day. He thinks of buying a bicycle soon.

C. W. Stowell is home, after a long stay at Niagara Falls, and reports having had a "Jumbo" time. He saw the Electric Light and also the whirlpool Rapids where Capt. Matthew Webb, the English swimmer, drowned last July. It is estimated that about 100,000,000 tons of water passes over the Falls every hour. The scenery is grand.

#### IT WAS TOO MEAN.

"It's just too mean," remarked a Philadelphia gossip. "When the people next door moved in, I could see by their faces that they quarreled, and do you know I have hardly got any sleep for two weeks, waiting to hear them commence, and now I have just found out that they are deaf and dumb.—*Elmira Telegram*.

## FANWOOD.

### A Few Personals.

#### INSTITUTION LACONICS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Miss Jane T. Meigs spent a few days at the Institution last week.

The nephew of Dr. Carson has been making him a call.

William Rose has gone into the country, some where near Cobleskill. The Institution has a new fire alarm.

Miss Petingrew is enjoying her two weeks' vacation.

Patrick, the Institution coachman, has given his house a coat of paint, and it presents quite an attractive appearance now, the recent addition built improving its looks immensely.

Edwin Lying, of New Brunswick, N. J., left for New Haven, Ct., in a canal boat recently. He does not expect to return to school again.

Austin Sinclair, who has been chaperoning James H. Caton, the blind mute, since the close of school, returned, in company with Caton, to the Institution Friday last, Charles Keisewetter took his place, and Sinclair remains here.

It is said that the father of a deaf-mute named Tomplin, of this city committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor about two weeks ago.

The youngest daughter of Patrick, the Institution coachman, was kicked in the head by a horse Sunday last. Dr. Carson was summoned, and about half an hour later discovered the child's arm to be broken. Another physician was sent for, who cared for the child's wounds.

Philip Dackermann has got sick of city life, and has obtained permission to remain here.

Among the visitors at the Institution Sunday last were Messrs. Cotter, of Newark, N. J., Alex. Dezendorf, Frank Jordan and his work mate of the Soap factory in which he works, of Brooklyn, and Hayes of New York City.

Supervisor Howell had a delightful sail in the boat owned by one of the Institution firemen last week.

The niece of Woods, the Newark Photographer, is a wealthy deaf-mute lady living in Virginia.

Mrs. Emily Kelit, of Brooklyn, has been spending a month at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Alex. Dezendorf, of Brooklyn has given up the baking business and accepted a more lucrative position—that of the Produce business, and says owing to pressing duties he will find it unable to attend the Catholic Picnic and Games. He goes to Cohoes, N. Y., next Saturday, to see Misses Highfield and Croak, and will return the following day.

The following is taken from the *Ellenville Journal*, of August 9th: "Prof. C. W. Van Tassel, wife and three children, of Tarrytown, are at his old home in Briggs Street for this month. Mr. Van Tassel is a teacher in the branch of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Tarrytown. Both Mr. Van Tassel and wife are deaf-mutes; but the children are bright as buttons, and without impediment of speech.

"They expect to return home this week. Miss Emma Wells, of Copenhagen, Lewis Co., N. Y., was visited by Mr. Upham some time ago. Myron R. Palmer having missed the day boat for Albany Saturday last, he remained in the city and visited the Institution during the afternoon. He left for home early Monday morning.

Miss Prudence Lewis, accompanied by Prof. Currier, arrived at the Institution Saturday morning last. She looks "natural." Mr. Currier left the same day, for Newburyport, Mass., where his parents reside.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson arrived at the Institution from Europe Sunday morning, after a little over seven days passage on the "Alaska."

Poet Leclercq and Solomon Cornelius honored Fanwood with a brief call on Saturday.

Prof. Jones and Mann beat Messrs. Porter and Capelli in two games of croquet at the residence of Prof. Mann Saturday afternoon last.

Mr. F. R. Stryker left for a part of his vacation on Tuesday.

Messrs. Robert P. McGregor and Robert Patterson, of Columbus, Ohio, School, visited us on Monday. They were in attendance at St. Ann's Sunday last. They will remain in town until after the Convention, making frequent trips out of the city meanwhile.

Several graduates have applied for board and lodging here during the Convention days. Laying aside the question of unparalleled cheek, it is impossible, owing to the repairs, etc., under operation. Cheap board and lodging can be obtained in the city.

Some mischievous youth sewed Chas. Sparrow's clothes up one night recently, and Charles was mad, of course. William Ennis, called on Monday. He expects to return to Albany during the first week of September.

Prof. W. G. Jones rushed into the JOURNAL office Tuesday morning in a transport of delight, kicked over a couple of chairs in his glee and announced with a tremendous flourish of his arms a new arrival in his family—a boy. Thereupon the JOURNAL's

staff, from editor down to "devil" set up an unearthly howl of delight, seized the professor by the neck, arms, legs, etc., and performed a remarkable war-dance.

Mr. Thomas F. Fox returned from Rome, Tuesday morning.

Prof. R. B. Lloyd and wife are in Trenton, N. J.

CHIEF.

#### Michigan Mutterings.

Two weeks ago, your reporter had a nice little chat with a hearing lady, Mrs. Fanny Wheat by name, while in town, who lives a few miles northwest of this place and who is very well acquainted with the sign-language, both of her parents being deaf-mutes, living in New York State. Her father, she informed, came to her place on a visit last Fall, and she took him to Maple Rapids, where we used to live, to call on us, but finding we had left there, went home without seeing us, though we at that time were working on a farm within three miles. One of her brothers who owns some land in the land of blizzards—Dakota—stopped at her place a few days since on his way to New York to pay his relatives and friends a visit. Mrs. Wheat urged us to call on her, which we promised to do as soon as we get time in the near future.

Mrs. William Lewis, of Allegan County, is at present visiting her mother and friends in Gratiot County. How her husband feels in his grass-widowhood, but she will relieve him of it in two or three weeks.

William Bigelow, a mute living with his mother five miles east of here, calls on us quite often. He has been working in the harvest getting \$2 per day, but for about nine out of ten months, he generally does nothing except doing chores, morning and evenings at home, and loafing around. He is now rapidly approaching his fifteenth year of age, yet he has no wife to share his fortunes or woes with him and no children to cheer him in his coming old age. He, however, boasts of having a hundred of shekels in the bank.

We think it would be a good idea for the mutes living in Grand Rapids and surrounding towns to organize themselves into a Society, and we have every reason to believe that it will outshine that lukewarm Starlight Club, of Detroit, in every respect, and beside it would be productive of much good in many other ways.

There is some more trouble about the Flint School for the Deaf and Dumb again, causing quite a sensation in the city and State, this time, it being the attempt of the governor to remove one of the trustees, an upright and honest man, and the refusal of this trustee to submit to the governor's orders, because of the reasons for thus removing him not being known. He now proposes to hold the fort as long as he can and if necessary bring the matter to the Supreme Court. Good deal of guessing, however, has been indulged in as to the reasons. It is alleged that the business of the school has been conducted in a loose and unbusinesslike manner, and that this trustee, being Treasurer of the Board of Trustees, placed too much confidence in the school, who does all the purchasing, makes contracts, etc., on his own authority and then present bills to the treasurer for payment without having been audited or authorized by the board any time to approve or reject any of the bills. We sincerely hope they will soon come out all right, however.

The following is clipped from the *Detroit Evening News* of a recent date, under the head of "A Circassian Beauty":

"Last evening a person attired in female clothing entered a Woodward avenue restaurant and presented a card stating that the bearer was a deaf-mute and inviting the reader to buy a bottle of perfume for the occasion. The appearance of this person was somewhat remarkable. She had short, curly hair, masculine features, large and not very clean hands, and a heavy fringe. She wore a washed water-glass colored hat, a linen duster, and from her belt protruded a small 22-calibre revolver. This unique feature of her customer attracted considerable attention and was the cause of no small uneasiness to those whom she solicited to make purchases. Opinions varied as to whether she was an escaped lunatic, or simply looking for some prosaic man with intent to drill him full of holes."

A lynx-eyed "cop" caught sight of the young lady, and followed her about, ready to rush to the breach should occasion require. He was soon joined by a second "cop," and the two after calculating the chances, determined to take the damsel in, even if she made them a target for her capon. The object of their intentions seemed to realize what was in the wind about the same time that the desperate resolve of the policemen was formed, and started down Fort street, at a very brisk pace, and said by the minute of the law, who were in turn followed by a large crowd of citizens, who did not know what was up, but were attracted by the unusual spectacle of two policemen in a hurry. The game was finally run down in an alley near Shelby street, and after a long palaver by means of pencil and paper, was invited to visit Capt. Myler at the central station. The crowd in the meantime had swelled to several hundred and formed an escort on the way to Woodbridge street.

On being questioned by the captain, she explained her singular freak as follows:

"I was robbed of \$13 in Cincinnati. I could not holler for help. The man who took it was very drunk & confused his crime & said he was taking it from me because I could not holler for help the mayor gave me permission to carry it. I have carried it ever since. I was in Asia Minor I travelled with 4 police circles & said he took my hair burned off by bleaching it. I am pudling colone I make it I am only waiting for it to grow out again I have a living husband in the prison I mean to join him in N. Y. next spring. My name is Zula Bolah."

"Are you a female?" wrote the captain.

"Why of course, I am astonished at you!"

"You have pretty large hands for a woman."

"Did you ever see many Asiatics in your life? If you did they always had very large and rough hands."

Zula further wrote that she left her home in the Caucasus mountains when four years old and was shortly after shipwrecked on the South America coast. This calamity rendered her senseless for two months, and when consciousness returned she had forgotten how to talk. She was evidently under the impression that it was contrary to law to carry a concealed weapon, but that one could be carried in sight with impunity. Capt. Myler finally let her go with the advice to carry her weapon in her pocket if she carried it at all, and not go around being policemen and peaceable inhabitants of Detroit."

## COLUMBUS.

### Institution Echoes.

#### BASE BALL AND PERSONALS.

#### RANDOM SHOTS.

August 11, '83.

Mrs. M. M. Coggeshall, the post-mistress at Westerville, O., according to the city papers, received a telegram from South Bend, Ind., stating that she should go there at once if she wished to see her daughter, Hattie, alive. The former accordingly went there, but no word has been received from her since. It is feared that Hattie will never recover her health again, and will die before long. Hattie, after two years' faithful teaching at the Institution, owing to poor health, was compelled to tender her resignation in expectation of getting well again.

For a ten days' vacation, Mr. Geo. Saydam, watchman of the Institution, with his family, went to Tuscarawas County, this State. They will return next week. George's place is now being filled by Frank Flenniken.

The Springfield and Dayton, Ohio, mutes propose to hold a picnic on August 19th.

The worst game of the season was played between the Louisville and the Columbus boys last Saturday. The *Sunday News* says of the game:

"The visitors got on to Dundon from the very first, and in the fifth inning 'knocked him out.' Smith taking his place until the seventh, when Dundon was brought back again and pitched a much better game, having by this time recovered his head. He was poorly backed up by Straub, who was unable to hold him, and could not throw within a mile of a base."

The painters, including Messrs. Scott and Pratt, the paper-hangers, the carpenters, the steam-fitters and the employees, are very busy jobbing about the Institution.

All well among the mute residents. The son of Julius, the gardener of the Institution, cleaned the cistern at the house of Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Pratt on Oak Street, last week.

Excursions "are all the rage" among the mutes of this city. Messrs. Ed. J. Scott, of the *Vis-a-Vis*, Henry J. Swords, John White, of the Institution, Sam Stetebell and McKeever of this city, were at Lakeside, near Newark, O., last Sunday.

Jas. W. Leib, of the Hayden's Rolling Mill, is trying to take a five days' stay in Detroit, in two weeks, on an excursion.

The small park near the Russell Conservatory at the Institution, was demolished by the order of some one. One of the reasons, was that it was useless for any person to take care of it. The fawn, several of the rabbits, two wee bantam chicks, etc., were sold last week.

While rambling on High Street last week, we noticed an old powder horn in the window of a jewelry store. It is one hundred and twenty-three years old—used in the French and Indian War; the Revolutionary War, and the War of 1812. It is about three feet long, and attracts much attention from the passers-by.

The *Daily Times*, this city, spoke of Dundon, when he returned home from the West:

"It is alleged that as a reason for some of the discontent in the home team, that Dundon practices that old song, 'He never speaks as we pass by.'"

It is said that Matt Mullen, Class of '82, is doing a big business in Chicago as a cigar-roller and maker.

Miss Belinda Maginnis, dressmaker of the Institution, went on her vacation recently. She went to Zanesville, O., Wednesday last, where she is the guest of her sister, and will not return until the opening of school.

It is reported that a gentleman who is deaf and dumb, was discharged from the Police Station last week, for drunkenness.

The main entrance and the main hall of the Institution, from the East to the West doors, are beautifully hung with wall-paper.

Mr. Charles Heskins, the brother of the deceased Finley, who died at the National Deaf-Mute College last year, one of the grammar teachers at the Institution, is in the city this week on business.

August 18, '83.

The Board of Trustees of the Institution met in regular monthly session yesterday evening.

#### RANDOM SHOTS.

Frank Minego, of the Columbus Buggy Company, was "laid off" this week for being on the sick list.

Mr. E. Shoop, of Delaware, O., the stone-cutter, was in the city, Monday last. He was trying to get some friends to be in that town on Wednesday next, on the occasion of L. Albert Anthony's birthday.

Dr. James Scott, the author of the Scott's Liqueur Law, one of the Institution Trustees, is one of the visitors in the city this week with his wife.

Who wants to see Dundon, the famous curve pitcher?

Messrs. Hatfield and Smith have steady employment in the Dayton *Daily Democrat*.

Miss Ella Morgan, of Class of '81, is still helping her beloved parents in Dayton.

By the permission of the superintendent, the mimes from the city play base ball on the grounds of the Institution every afternoon after four o'clock, except Sundays.

Edward J. Dundon, the famous pitcher, of the Columbus team, is the recipient of a handsome gold badge, the gift of President Chittenden, of the Columbus Club. The *Sunday Capital*, of last Sunday, gracefully speaking of it:—"The badge is circular in form and consists of two crossed bats suspended by a chain. On the face of the badge is the inscription 'Good actions speak,' and on the reverse side the recipient's name. President Chittenden not having mastered the sign-language was unable to make a presentation speech, but sent following letter with the badge:

"COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 6th, 1883.

"E. J. DUNDON, Esq.:—Your proficiency as a base ball player, under unusual difficulty, seems to me notably praiseworthy. Therefore please accept from me this trinket, with the hope that you will continue to excel and give proof of the truth and pertinency of its motto.

"Your friend and servant,

"H. T. CHITTENDEN,

"Columbus Base Ball Company."

Mr. Slack, who was once well-known among the St. Louis mutes, is now "rolling" in the rolling mill at Dayton, O.

Prof. A. Pratt and his wife were "busy as bees" last week, circulating letters among the mutes' parents in this state.

There is a milk depot, with a restaurant, which, I suppose, was started in the city last March, is now managed by Mr. Swan, a speaking man. He claimed to be from Akron, O., and says he has a nephew who is deaf and dumb, by the name of Chamberlain, who is residing on a farm, a few miles from Akron.

Dayton, Ohio, is illuminated with nearly seventy-five electric light lamps.

A false rumor has prevailed among the city mutes a few weeks ago, and also we chronicled it in your paper; saying that John Miller's father's store was burnt down, in Tippecanoe City. That is a mistake. Some one told me that a paper mill, of which John's father was one of the company, was partially burned. It is said that, after the fire, it was at once set up.

No game of base ball will be played by the Columbus sluggers at the Recreation Park, until September 9th, owing to the absence of our club with Dundon, who are now on an Eastern trip. We are anxious to hear about that club.

It is said that there is a mute boy in Dayton, who is "Canaling" a canal boat.

John F. Weekel, of class '83, is employed by Holden & Co., the School-book manufacturers, in Dayton. He says he has to work from seven o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening, till after the beginning of the public School term in September. He gets good wages, but still an extra pay goes into his wages.

There are nearly thirty five mutes residing in Dayton and its vicinity, and most of them are belles.

One of Edward J. Dundon's sisters, not Mary, was married last Tuesday morning. Edward, who is now in the East with the base ball club, presented her with a beautiful chair, which, it is said, is valued at \$16.50.

Joseph Himelspaugh, one of the famous Independent base ball players, who is now working for Bimm & Co., the ice-dealers, in Dayton, is wanting to join some club. He is practicing every day after work, and is to be a catcher.

Miss S. B. Williamson, the seamstress, of the Institution, has gone home, somewhere in Ohio, last Thursday, where she is summing at her parents' residence, and will resume her position the next school term.

John Cullen, of Irish descent, when three years old, came across the wild and wide ocean, with his parents from unhappy Ireland, is now residing in Dayton, and is a moulder. He says his wages are very good. He was educated at the Indiana and Ohio Institutions. He is a bachelor, and supports his aged mother, who is a widow.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener with their children, and Mrs. Robert McGregor and her daughter, were at Springfield, O., this week, where they held a picnic Thursday. They had a royal time.

A stable, on East Town Street, near our Institution, was in flames last Sunday evening.

Only three weeks from next Wednesday the Institution will open.

Noah Bowen, the engineer of the Institution, is not able to be on duty this week, being sick.

Several mutes here are talking of attending the National Convention.

OHIO.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

All friends who propose attending the approaching National Deaf-Mute Convention, and who at the late National Convention of Deaf-Mute Institutions, or thereafter by letter, subscribed for my book of poems, THE VENTURE, are hereby notified that I have duly commissioned Mr. G. E. Fischer, my general agent for New York and the New England States, and that (D. V.) he will be present at the Convention to deliver the book to all who are ready to pay for it, and to sell to any others desiring a copy. As this arrangement will do away with risk of loss both to patrons and myself, and will also be expeditions, I trust all interested will be satisfied, especially as the venerable Chairman, Mr. Booth, has given it the sanction of his free consent.

ANGIE FULLER.

SAVANNA, ILL., July 20, '83.

## THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

### A Local Committee Appointed.

LYRIC HALL, SIXTH AVE.,  
BET. 41 & 42 STS., HIRED.

### What Has Been Accomplished By the Committee.

#### AGREEMENT.

New York, July 24, 1883.

&lt;



## OCEAN GROVE.

### Height of the Season.

### SEASIDE MUSINGS.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Things down here have been unusually lively this week. Quite a number of silent ones have been here and drank in the beauties of the place. All seemed pleased with every thing, and only regretted their inability to remain longer.

Mr. M. Heyman came down on Friday, and did the "proper thing" by engaging apartments at the Norman. He has been on a three weeks' vacation, a portion of which he spent on the Koffman farm at Montgomery, N. Y., a few days with Mr. C. R. Thomson, who is sojourning at Summit, N. J., and then he came here. He has one more week to "vacate" in, and will use that during Convention week.

Mr. Myron R. Palmer, of Albany, came down on Wednesday, and registered at the Norman House. He remained until Saturday, when he went to Red Bank with Alex. L. Pach to spend Sunday at Red Bank. He returned to New York in time to catch the Albany day boat on Monday.

On Saturday, Mr. Robert Heller, accompanied by his sister, Miss Sallie Heller, and Mr. Cornelius Delory, all of Reigelsville, came down on an excursion. They spent the day in company with Messrs. Heyman, Palmer and Pach, in a pleasing manner.

Mr. James W. Nash, of Reigelsville, and a member of the Class of '82, New York Institution, who was recently suffering from sunstroke, is now, we are glad to say, entirely well again.

Messrs. Palmer and Pach visited Long Branch on Wednesday evening, and called on two lady pupils of the Lexington Avenue School, who report, among other things, seeing a deaf-mute magician (presumably Mr. Hoggarth) on the beach.

A pleasant affair took place at Sunset Lake on Friday evening. The party made up in three boats under command of Messrs. Heyman, Palmer and Pach, respectively. The first boat contained Mrs. Smithson and Miss Lillian Gordon, the second Miss Jones and Miss Lee, the third Miss Jennie Galland and Miss Freddie Smithson. After rowing around among the numerous islands, under the bridges, etc., a race was arranged between Messrs. Palmer and Pach, the course was straight, and the last named had much the advantage in weight, having about one-third as much less than his opponent, Mr. Palmer. Mr. Pach won by about two lengths. Mr. Heyman declined entering the race.

In reply to "Little Rep," we would say that the lady he or she enquires for has left us, and is now, no doubt in the "Quaker City." Thanks acknowledged.

Rev. S. H. S. Galland and family left for their home on Monday, after two weeks' pleasant vacation.

Mr. George Howell, the famous Princeton College oarsman, who is a popular young man down here, on account of his life-saving exploits, is a favorite with all the deaf-mutes he meets. He leaves this week to go in to training for the Greenwood Lake regatta.

Miss Gussie Morton and Miss Lorena Williamson, of Gravesend, L. I., are at the Shannon Cottage.

Miss Lizzie Heller, the hearing sister of Miss Sallie Heller, was down here last week.

Mrs. Charles F. Stratton, better known as Mrs. Tom Thumb, whose husband died recently, is a great attraction at the Carrolton House.

We regret to say we will be unable to attend the Convention, which, no doubt, will be a blessing to the Convention.

Still another "Dude" in the JOURNAL, this time a "little" one. Go in "Lorry," we will wager our pile on you every time.

Mr. A. L. Pach is a local reporter for the Daily Spray.

Wouldn't "Suburban Committee" sound better than "Local Committee," as the persons appointed are all "Brooklynites"? Is there no managing capacity in New York?

The following is from the *Spray* of Saturday last:

The deaf-mutes of the United States hold a National Convention in New York next week, and a large part of them will come here at the conclusion of the Convention. There are very few ignorant ones among them, as they are well provided for as regards their education, finding, lucrative employment in many pursuits. They have a number of newspapers, the leading one, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, has a correspondent here, who sends news from the whole Jersey coast.

All mutes who come here at the close of the Convention, will find excellent accommodation and good treatment at the Norman House. The proprietress announces special terms for the week following the Convention. Come one, Come all.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN-OUT-OF-TOWN.

From Iowa.

Harvest will be over soon. "Marcus" is home.

John Hummer and "Marcus" called on J. J. Middleton, whose name often appears in the JOURNAL. He is at his old post, as usual, but will quit it some time next October, when he will accept a place near Montezuma, The man who owns the farm, lives in Illinois, and will leave all his stock in the hands of Mr. Middleton, who has considerable experience.

Superintendent Gillette, of the Illinois School, was in Iowa City on business. While there, he called on Mr. Middleton, and, judging from what I am informed, they had a good time. Superintendent Gillette is a true friend of mutes.

John Weikert wrote that Gottlieb Willy and folks, of Davenport, have bought 280 acres of land near Sheldon.

It is rumored that Messrs. Herbold and Kelly, are thinking of buying farms near Sheldon.

If nothing happens, Rev. Mann will come to Iowa City to baptize the children of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hummer, next September.

Joseph Fox is getting along pretty well with his business at the corner "stand." MARCUS.

8-13-'83.

Harlem Featherings.

Owing to the scarcity of items around here and the absence of "Dude," it was impossible for us to appear in last week's issue of the JOURNAL. Many of our mutes have been making themselves scarce, escaping from the heated city to some renowned places. The last of them have returned and are at present attending to business.

Last Sunday, August 12th, "Dude" had the pleasure of enjoying himself. He boarded the steamer "Idlewild" foot of 31st St., East River, which went on excursion trips up Long Island Sound. Your correspondent eyed every passenger, hoping to find a deaf-mute on board. He was lucky enough to meet a prominent member of the Manhattan Literary Association, who was bound for Koslyn in company with one or two of his family.

Our mute belle, Miss Clara Brady, who was to sojourn at Ocean Grove sometime ago, has changed her mind about going. Since the death of her mother, she has been busy in house-keeping and had no time to get leave of absence. She purposes going to Boston in the Fall if nothing deters her. She has a pet poodle, name Fido, which was presented to her by a hearing gentleman. She was also presented with a beautiful canary bird, but was so careless as to let puppy have it. She prides herself on being an excellent swimmer at long distances.

Charles W. Hathaway, Class '85, of the National Deaf-Mute College, has been sojourning in Catskill, and is frequently taking trips to Coney Island, Fort Lee and other resorts. He goes in company with a Miss Palmatier, a graduate of the New York Institution, and says he enjoys himself first-rate.

Thomas Holloran now goes from place to place in search of employment. He has long been out of work and is reported as being penniless and homeless. He has a brother and sister living in Ireland.

The following is from the *Harlem Local Reporter* of August 8th to prove that J. B. Davis is really dead:

"On Friday afternoon last, Joseph B. Davis a deaf-mute, of 319 East 118th street, while walking on the track of the New Haven Railroad, was struck by the locomotive and run over by the Boston Express train about half a mile from Stamford station, and instantly killed."

Little May Crolins, who has been sojourning in Albany, is now back again in town.

Miss Gussie Sondberg, in company with the two little sisters of Miss Clara Brady and a friend, had a pleasant time last Friday, visiting Central Park.

Last Saturday, "Dude" witnessed the Metropolitan "chicago" the Long John Riley's nine (Cincinnati). Also Edward McKerhan and Wilbur Stillwell did.

Miss Susie Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Campbell, of New York City, was the guest of Mr. Genet and his two daughters for a few days. She intends to go to Catskill for a few weeks.

Miss Josephine Werdenschlag has returned from Newport, where she has been a week or two.

Mr. Genet, who was reported as being a street sweeper by your correspondent, is not employed at such work. He is a carpenter for the Department of Public Works, and is a highly intelligent old gentleman. He and his daughter, Mamie, are living with his married daughter. Mamie is a handsome brunette and will make a flying trip to Sing Sing, N. Y., soon.

Mrs. Frank Roberts called on Mr. Genet and daughters last Sunday. Also a hearing Mexican lady.

"Little Dude" should have put himself under the *nom de plume* of "The Monkey," as he was given that name by his professor while he was at school.

The medals which are to be contested for in the games, at the Catholic Literary Union Picnic, will be on exhibition at Goldman's, the latter on 8th Avenue, next week.

Dandon, the deaf-mute pitcher for the Columbus Base Ball Club, is expected to pitch against the Metropolitan Club this week.

Harry Valentine, one of the JOURNAL composers, was in town last Sunday.

Mutes from all parts of the Union, are now arriving in New York to take in the Convention.

Those mutes who desire to enjoy themselves after the Convention, should not fail to attend the Catholic Literary Union Picnic, as an enjoyable time is expected.

Theodore Lounsbury left for Stamford, Conn. He will return next week.

C. H. Sparrow was seen in the vicinity of Harlem, Saturday last.

DUDE.

## WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

### How Bushy Run was celebrated in honor of Colonel Bouquet.

### Miscellaneous Raindrops.

Oh! how hard it is to get news as it is always in this section of the country, for as far as we can judge, the town is apparently in an almost deserted condition. Well, we guess, however, that there are only a few items taken up for our widely popular JOURNAL that might perhaps prove acceptable and of interest to many of its hungry readers.

August 6th (Monday), in Bushy Run, was the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the victory of Colonel Henry Bouquet and his gallant force over the Indian warriors of the great Pontiac. Never before in the history of old Westmoreland County did so many enthusiastic people from all parts of the State assemble to witness the celebration. According to the papers, the crowds present is estimated at fifteen thousand, and too, there were about seven hundred vehicles on the battle grounds. Speeches were made by General James A. Beaver (whom your readers will remember as having been elected Governor of Pennsylvania, but unfortunately defeated last Fall) and other distinguished guests concerning the memory of Col. Bouquet, and letters of regret from President Arthur, Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and others of lesser note were read, expressing their inability to be present on the occasion.

The Grand Army Post accompanied by bands, both brass and martial were present on the location of the battle field. They were made up of Greensburg, Irwin, West Newton, Leigonier and other towns, and the parade commenced over the line of the old Forbes road at 10 o'clock A.M. The procession displayed much stateliness and was highly applauded along the line.

The old relics which were on exhibition were plentiful and very uncommon. They have been gathered from over the battle grounds and among them were the bayonets, bullets, pieces of guns, scaling-knives, and various other articles, which seemed to be a great curiosity to the crowd.

"Old Bob," the war-horse, widely known throughout the country, was on exhibition. He hailing from Leigonier, Westmoreland County, was the property of the late Col. Conrade, and is now thirty-one years of age. He is described as having been engaged in eighteen engagements during the late civil war, and was of great service. Your scribe is certain to say that he gazed on this horse with much admiration and interest for nearly half an hour. It is just unnecessary to describe this event, but we guess that ye readers have already read the daily papers about the account of Bushy Run battle. The affair as promised was quite a grand success in every respect, which was due to the untiring efforts of the Committee on Arrangements.

RAKINGS.

With regret "Imperator" will not be present at the National Convention.

We are glad to see through these columns that our young friend "Daisy" returned from the wild-of-Beaver County, and reports having had a most delightful time. "Daisy," why not write something for the JOURNAL about your vacation visits and the happiness of the Pittsburgh mutes.

Henry Roberts, a pupil at the Institution, is now in Atlantic City, enjoying the delights of the stormy Atlantic.

William and John Blair, both of our *Alma Mater* were two weeks since in town, and honored their aunt with a friendly visit where they passed only a day and returned home to Pittsburgh. They are bright looking chaps.

Dr. Thomas MacIntire is again within the walls of the Institute, and is busy preparing for the re-opening of the school term.

The latest rumor to the effect that Miss Ida Roup, one of the teachers at the Institution, is now in Atlantic City, improving her wanted health. Ye readers will bear in mind that she has for several weeks past been dangerously sick. Hope that her health will come back to her, so that she may assume the duty of teaching the "young idea how to shoot" when the school term re-opens in September.

John Cherry, of Pittsburgh, made his debut in our way, and in the meanwhile he called upon Frank Widman. He then went to Greensburg where he thought that he would see if he could find a place for himself. We have seen a local in the papers that he is for the present engaged on the Greensburg *Evening Press*. Johnny, stick to your present trade as firm as the base of the Egyptian Pyramid of which the many readers of the JOURNAL have repeatedly read in Biblical history, and the world will go O. K. with you wherever you go. John says he is a member of the Typographical Union.

In a communication, Edwin Harah says that he will go to College at Washington, D. C., with John Boucher in the Fall. We hope that the examination may strike you boys, so satisfactorily that you may be admitted into the Introductory Class. The former graduated at the Philadelphia Institution last June and the latter in 1880.

On Thursday afternoon, the two sisters of Miss Ida Roup, was in Irwin for a time, en-route for Blackburn via the Yonghisheny Railroad. Your scribe took pleasure in meeting them at the depot and had a most delightful conversation with them who can talk on their figures. They are accomplished young ladies; and are out spending the balance of their summer vacation visiting among friends.

Yesterday (Saturday), "Imperator," with his two hearing friends, contested in a long game of croquet, resulting in favor of the former.

Up in Jacktown, one mile east of this village, there lives two mute children, boy and girl, who are without any education. Their names are Robert and Sallie Hurst. They should be promptly sent to school at Turtle Creek.

There is some doubt as to whether any deaf-mute from Pittsburgh will be sent to the National Convention in New York as a delegate this month. "Imperator" will take a trip to Greensburg on Saturday next, where he will have important business to attend to. IMPERATOR.

8-19-'83.

Echoes from New Jersey.

Pupils at the New Jersey Institution, according to the law, will be provided for five years only. It is said that these deaf-mutes who have received instruction in various institutions out of the State over five years will perhaps not be admitted. There are a great many deaf-mutes who have received instruction in different institutions over five years living in this State, but their education is very limited. According to our knowledge, Prof. Weston Jenkins, the Superintendent of the New Jersey Institution, is doing his utmost to admit those so unfortunate. Prof. Jenkins is the right man in his place.

A party of deaf-mutes residing in Jersey City and Hoboken, planned to go in a body to Long Branch last Sunday, but as it rained they did not go, they expect to go there next Sunday. They would be pleased to meet deaf-mutes there.

A deaf-mute young lady, graduate of the Ohio Institution is at present residing in Jersey City.

The cause for which Anthony Cannon was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Hudson County Jail is this: Anthony Cannon had been arrested several times before, for swimming near public docks, and for being drunk, and at one time for stealing a suit of clothes. Last winter he stole a pair of skates, he was arrested, and the Police Justice, of Hoboken, sent him to the County Court where he received the sentence.

Mrs. Ward, of Newark, is summing up at Buffalo, N. Y.

It is reported here that Miss Hannah Kevitt, of Paterson, is engaged to be married to Mr. Edward J. Halliey, of Syracuse, N. Y., soon.

John P. Cotter, of Newark, is never out late nowadays. John was knocked down and robbed last winter. He says that he don't carry much money about him now.

A great many deaf-mutes of this State will attend the Second National Convention. Several intelligent mutes told your scribe that they would like to attend both the Convention-Excursion and the Picnic and Games of the Catholic Literary Union, but as both will occur on the same day, they have not yet decided which to attend.

The question "who will be the only gentlemen at the Trenton Deaf-Mute School" is still being talked of here among the deaf-mutes. We wouldn't be surprised if it was Mr. Peter Gulick, as he deserves it more than any body else, for having pushed the bill toward establishing the Institution.

We agree with "Runner," in regard of the Sullivan-Frisbee race. Is Dennis Sullivan, the would-be-champion-four-hour-go-as-you-please pedestrian dead? If he still kicks, it is now high time to rise and explain. It seems indeed very queer for Mr. Sullivan for challenging to run any deaf-mute in the United States for \$100 a side, and then to back out. We think it is, in the eyes of the intelligent deaf-mutes, cowardly. We hope that Mr. Sullivan will keep his word, and run Mr. Frisbee. If he does, we are sure there will be a large crowd to witness the race. Dennis go in, and don't back out.

Miss Maggie Jones, who has been spending a few weeks in Long Branch with her friend Miss Ada Wardell, left for Ogdensburg, N. J., the fore part of the week.

William F. Durian, a JOURNAL "Comp." was at Long Branch last Sunday in company with his cousin.

The father of Anthony Capelli, who has for the past three years been in Denver, Col., is expected to return home next month, and Anthony is happy.

Geo. W. Gross, has changed greatly in appearance. He sports a "Dude" of clothes and a ten cent cane.

According to the Man-About-Town, Alex L. Pach is having a "big" time at Ocean Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Dunlap are still in the country. PHIXY.

DREAMS.

He kissed me—Did I dream it? Ah, to-day none can I say? For in summer's stilly stillness, If a dream, 'tis passed away.

And yet, I think this morning, Whether wrong, or whether right, If I only dreamed he kissed me, Why—I—hope I'll dream to-night.

## CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

### The Deaf-Mute Association.

### THE THIRD YEARLY REPORT.

Again, a year has come to an end, during which the sincere delight of the members of the Association has revealed itself in many ways. No wonder!

Since the association is of the same interest to the deaf-mutes as a society of Norwegians in a foreign country. How much and how eagerly the Norwegians, for instance in London or in Paris, use the opportunity they have to converse with the country's people, whose language they plainly speak and understand, yet they are delighted in coming together and enjoy societies of their own, recalling and refreshing their memories for common interests.

Thus exactly among deaf-mutes, they have great common interest, and though their conversation is always more easy and more lively among themselves, there is, however, therefore, no obstacle in their way that they, by the advantage of mingling with the hearing class of people, should not be benefited to such an extent as their own learning and education permit them. On the contrary, the association seems to exhort the deaf-mutes in their living among the hearing class of people, as they there find opportunities for verbal conversation with their former teachers and with other hearing members, and at the same time to enlarge one's range of vision, partly by directly increasing his knowledge in one way or other, and partly by being informed, either through conversation or through newspapers about things going on in the world.

Also the library, especially, which received an excellent increase together with several magnificent carved works, offers to the youth a remarkable advantage.

The most magnificent donor of the library is the book seller, Mr. Gammemyer, to whom the association feel heartily thankful for the continuing interest he shows for us, and also for the many beautiful works which he has presented to us.

In the latter part of the preceding year, the association limited the summing of the society to semi-weekly: 5:10 P.M. on Sundays, and 7:10 P.M. on Thursdays. The house rent, which previously was 4 kr., or about \$1.08 per evening, (1 kr. is about 27 cents in United States currency) is, for the winter season, increased to 5 kr., or about \$1.35, a not unreasonable increase, as there are three rooms furnished with light and wood, and as the furniture, belonging to the association, two shelves for the books and one for newspapers, also has its locality there. This is on King street at Miss Paulin Olsen's house, No. 8, where the society finds a tender care.

The principal of the insane asylum (for feeble-minded) has, in spite of his own continually increasing sphere of action, shown his good will towards the society by giving historical lectures every Thursday. These exert great interest, and are usually largely attended. We are, therefore, not fully able to show Mr. Principal Hanson our gratitude, but we hope that he may find gratification in the instructions and pleasures which he thus extends to the audience.

Those Thursdays on which Mr. Hanson does not lecture, Miss Hede-viz Rosings spends together with the female members, instructing them in the trade of embroidery, which, it is to be hoped, will be of a benefit to those members who should especially come in contact with children, and who wish by such an employment to support themselves.

The association has, during the year, supported several suffering from want, either by donating or by loan. In order that the invalid may be more carefully taken care of in the future, a hospital-fund was raised this year, and a certain doctor engaged for the deaf-mute members, a measure long wished for. Already before the association was organized, a small circle of deaf-mutes had, as mentioned before (in previous papers) raised a fund for that very purpose. This they now transfer upon the association on the condition that it be cared for that the members can enjoy the advantage of a hospital fund. It is concluded that the capital be yearly increased until its adequacy answers for both the doctor bill and the invalids' support. The managers of this hospital fund will do all they are able for its increase.

Presently, it is resting upon the economy of the society, whether it shall, in future time, be able to fill its expected place or not. We are thankful to every contributor, among whom is the Christiana Savings Bank, which, with its gift of 400 kr. (or \$168) promoted our undertaking to a considerable degree. But less gifts are also of account, and we invite, therefore, this year, every one that is a friend to the deaf-mutes, and every one who intends to do some thing good with his money, to sign as a member. The annual fee is 3.60 kr. (about 97 cents) or 50 kr. (\$13.50) for life. As far as the deaf-mutes are concerned, they are very well conscious of that the fund must be increased, there is never an occasion where they do not show themselves liberal, when it is, for instance, to raise a contribution and the like. Charitable measure is, therefore, taken only towards those that can not be rejected.

Though we do not celebrate the 17th of May by a special meeting, yet we came together this year, having

previously prepared for the day, as it was a Thursday, the day for our gathering. But the special reason, however, for our gathering, was that we could celebrate the day also in honor of the law, which, just a few weeks previous, had passed through the purgatory, through "Orlistunget" (our Senate) and through "Logthuyet," (our House of Representatives) having first passed a preparatory of several years, a law, proclaiming a better future time to many a little suffering brother and sister, and the paragraphs of which all aroused the applause and joy of the members. Yea a law, which we call our law, as it comprises all the deaf-mutes, the blind and the feeble-minded, and assure them a profitable school instruction. An invitation was extended to Mr. Balchen, and a vote of thanks was given him for his partaking in passing such a law.

Eleven of Mr. Balchen's pupils were confirmed on Sunday, June 7th. These were on the following Sunday invited to the association. It is only proper to say that our hostess, Miss Olsen, on this occasion showed a great interest in our society. She invited us to a festival table, well furnished with cakes, etc. She, herself, waited upon all present. The evening entertainment closed with pays (games) and dances. Those that were confirmed (that day) delighted themselves very much, and those leaving for home carried with them a well disposed mind towards the society. Those living here in town, were taken up as members gratis for a year.

This year, we had our Christmas feast on the third day (December 28th). As on previous occasions, we also had a large Christmas tree, on which hang presents for each individual person.

The Christmas time was darkened by a grief, as a young lady, Martha Hage, who had been a member only a year, immediately passed away in sickness. She was employed in a book-binding. And now when she is gone, we ask ourselves: "For what did she live?" "How did she pass her time?" "How could we have been her supporters?" Contented with little and pleased, never complaining. "Thanks, all right," was her usual answer to our questions to her how she fared. But her wages were very low, and her lodging and food likely poor.

May God grant the society progress, so that we may obtain the ability, not only to support the invalid with doctor bills and money, but especially the young ladies, who are pressed by hard labor while yet young after being confirmed.

Our thanks to every body, who contributes little or much for this purpose; our thanks to those who have contributed; our thanks to those who started us with a capital, and by this our society found a fountain of blessings for us, the silent people. The society now consisting of a hundred members.

The members of the management (of the society) were re-elected at the close of their term of office in February, Mr. Swell and Mr. Strangestad, (teacher), as deputy, Mr. Hofgaard, (teacher), was elected, who left his office at the close of the year, on account of his leaving the city. The accounts of the society for 1887 were reviewed by Mr. Aschehons (book-seller) and by auditor C. E. Smith, who has pleased the society by still acting as auditor.

Supports have benevolently been contributed by H. C. M., 20 kr. (\$5.40), by H. H., 10 kr. (2.70), by H. R., 10 kr. by B. H. 3.60 kr. (97 cents), by B. P. 5 kr. (\$1.35).

Management:—F. Balchen (principal) President; L. A. Havstad (copyist) Vice President; Thos. Sewell, Treasurer.

Notes from Master F. W. Meinken.

Mrs. Alice Craven, of New York City, would like to know the whereabouts of Mrs. Burgess, her old deaf-mute friend.

Tilson W. Haight has enjoyed his short vacation in Sing Sing, N. Y. His face was sunburnt. He returned home Friday last.

Hattie Haight, a sister of T. Haight, has been in Hyde Park, N. Y. George W. Morris went to the picnic in New Jersey with his brother of the Lexington Avenue School, where I visited last Sunday and Monday. They seemed to enjoyed them selves in that picnic very much. George says he would stay at home for two or three days.

New York City, August 21, '83.

Colorado Springs Items.

DEAR EDITOR:—It gives me great pleasure to send you some paragraphs, in order to please the readers of your valuable paper.

Wm. Stewart and Henry Bardes were among the few who joined the Royal George Excursion last Thursday. Mr. Stewart is visiting Mr. Hooker, while Mr. Bardes is domiciled with his partner, Mr. G. Taylor.

Frank Cheney is a cousin of P. P. Pratt, who is a foreman of a shoe shop of the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Columbus. Frank has been a barber over eight years in Colorado Springs, Col.

James H. Purvis was educated at Washington, D. C., and is now working for a deaf-mute school.

Mr. Wickoff, of Kansas City, spent a week at Colorado Springs Hotel, and was spoken of as a candidate for principal teacher, but failed.

The writer started for Chicago on the 19th of July, and stopped there to see his old fellows. The next morning,

he met Mr. Matt Mullen and spent four days with him at his home. Then he left for Denver. Matthew is a cigar maker by trade.

Mr. James Mount, a printer, went to Denver to see his lady, last Saturday morning, and returned last Monday.

Mr. J. H. Harbert, a teacher of our Institution, will go to Montrose (town) to spend a week with his father-in-law and mother-in-law.

When Mr. Downing recently resigned his position as principal teacher, he was waiting for a position in Iowa.

The writer received a letter from his friend, of Cincinnati, O., saying that "Boss" Joe Kelley intends to go to the far West this month.

The writer expects to go to Santa Fe, New Mexico, on an excursion train next week.

A CURRIER.

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